



RRR



Puritan Humber

Angela Brigham

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YOU . . .

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*can never give them
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Lady—"I want to buy a gun."

Clerk—"Very good, madam. Have you a license?"

Lady—"Certainly. Here, look it over."

Clerk—"But madam, this a marriage license."

Lady—"Well?"—College Humor.

—:o:—

In the Devilish 'Nineties

"Dorothy, those two men are staring right at us."

"Well, Elizabeth, if they walk away, we can sue them for breach of promise."—Black & Blue Jay.

—:o:—

"Have you heard the English 'Pants Song'?"

"No, what is it?"

"London Breeches Falling Down."—Pelican.

—:o:—

Rajah—"And what is the offense?"

Bailiff—"O, Most High and Excellent Majesty, this man hath stolen the sacred white elephant of Siam."

Rajah—"Search him!"—Yale Record.

—:o:—

Sheik—"Could you live on twenty-five dollars a week?"

Flapper—"Yes, but no longer!"—Goblin.

—:o:—

A certain restaurant owner was arrested for cruelty to animals. The Humane Society accused him of drowning chickens. A quantity of chicken soup was produced as evidence.—California Pelican.

—:o:—

"Does you wife like to play bridge?"

"I should say so. Why, she's a member of five different women's literary clubs."—College Humor.

Alice—"What do you suppose she'll get for shooting her husband?"

Alex—"It's getting too common—probably not over a month in vaudeville."—College Humor.

—:o:—

Worried—"Doctor, I'm afraid my goldfish has eczema."

Doctor (after examination)—"Don't worry, Mrs. Smith. It's only on a small scale."—Jack-o'-Lantern.

—:o:—

Frosh—"Gosh, Mother, that lady on the stage seems awful nervous."

Mother—"Quite, sonny, that is Gilda Gray."
—Bison.

—:o:—

Little Thinklings With Serious Ramblers

Senator from Idaho—Neither a Borah nor a lender be.

Retired Pullman Porter — Take, O take those grips away.

President Phelps—He has made his bed, let William Lyon it.

Il Duce—I———"

Edith Wharton—What town is Ethan Frome?

Peggy Joyce—What is this thing called love?

Prisoner of Zenda—Anyway, this is better than Ohio.

Warden Thompson, Ohio State Pen. — Everything's going to be all riot. — Brown Jug.

—:o:—

"The shortest distance between two points is a straight eight." — Carnegie Tech. Puppet.

—:o:—

"Papa left me four hundred dollars to buy a memorial for him after he died," said Darling Dora.
"How do you like my new diamond?"

—Rice Owl.

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INNOCENT IGNORANCE

The freshman approached the delivery desk and boldly inquired of the sweet young thing behind it: "Do you have anything on Milton?"

"I'm sorry, young man, but I've never been out with the gentleman."—Beanpot.

—:o:—

Lil: I just saw Grace out in the park with a new boy friend. It's the first time she's been out since her illness.

Phyll: Yes, she's picking up again.—Frigol.

—:o:—

THAT'LL HOLD HER

Slightly Inebriated (to girl on Broadway): Do you ever speak to strangers on the street?

Sweet Little Dove: Oh, no.

Slightly Inebriated: Well, then shut up.

—Chaparral.

—:o:—

Her parents are in the iron and steel business. Her mother irons and her father steals.—Princeton Tiger.

—:o:—

Sentimental young farmer lad (watching two young cows rub noses affectionately)—I wish I could do that, too.

Citl maid—Go ahead, you poor sap, they're your cows. — Cornell Widow.

—:o:—

There was an old man of Blackheath
Who sat on his set of false teeth,
Said he, with a start,
"Oh, Lord, bless my heart,
I've bitten myself underneath!"

—Virginia Cavalier.



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Rastus: Brothaw president, we needs a cuspidor.
 President of the Eight Ball Club: I appoints Brothaw Brown as cuspidor.

—:o:—

Son: Father, tell me a fairy story.
 Father: Well, once there was a good-looking co-ed—
 Son: Gee, Dad, that was a good one! Masquerader.

—:o:—

Prof: What's the most common impediment in the speech of American people?
 Frosh: Chewing gum.—Purple Parrot.

—:o:—

He gained a yard, but lost a foot.
 —Rammer-Jammer.

—:o:—

Latin Prof: Decline a feminine.
 Frosh: Oh, I never decline a lady.
 —Rammer-Jammer.

—:o:—

Bored fan: Ten bucks if you sock that guy!
 Referee: Cut that stuff, will ya? You tryin' to start a fight?—Troubadour.

—:o:—

To be college bred, means a four-year loaf, requiring considerable dough, as well as plenty of crust.—Humbug.

—:o:—

Prof (in the middle of a joke): Have I ever told the class this one before?
 Class (in a chorus): Yes.
 Prof: Good, you will probably understand it this time.—Troubadour.



MISS FRANCES LEE,
a Vassar girl



MR. HAROLD JAEGER,
a Wisconsin man

Your correspondents on college styles

College Humor Magazine introduces these two young people, recently appointed to the editorial staff. Each month they will inform you of the modern trend of fashion.

You will meet them each month in the pages of this magazine, and since they will be visiting colleges constantly, perhaps before long you may meet them in person on your own campus.

Alert, keen, so recently out of school themselves that they can easily keep their fingers on the pulse of those influences which affect college styles and customs, you may follow their predictions and know that you are unerringly correct in your dress.

They are ready to help you with any problems your wardrobe may present, with advice and information. This is a service College Humor is happy to offer to college men and women.

College Humor

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A SONG

One wrung from the heart, and ten rungs from
the top.

Ah! I am pierced by a pain past knowing!
I who am fain to see green things growing!
Most luckless maiden, most ill-starred virgin,
I bought me a bulb and it would not burgeon.
I bought me a bud and it would not flower,
Not though I tended it hour on hour,
Each morn more devoted, each eve even fonder.
Naught now remains but to pine and to ponder.
Ah! Might I master some mild hocus-pocus
Sufficient alone for creating a crocus,
Atune with all life I should fathom what bliss is
And swoon from the scent of a native narcissus.

—Vassar Review.

—:o:—

“This a queer dance hall; you pay a nickel a
dance.”

“Yes. A five cent stomp.”

—:o:—

“God, I'd like a new fur coat.”

“Say, you don't care who you gold-dig, do you?”

—Virginia Reel.

“Who is that man over there snapping his
fingers?”

“That's a deaf mute with the hiccoughs.”

—Columbia Jester.

—:o:—

WHAT, NO HARPS?

Editor of College Magazine at pearly gates, to
St. Peter: Listen, Pete, I don't think I'd like it up
here. It's too cold. I am going to Hell.

St. Peter: You will like Hell!—Pitt Panther.

—:o:—

Reformer: Stop, friend! Do you believe that a
glass of that vile stuff will quench your thirst?

College Lad: Nope. I'm gonna drink the whole
jug.—Texas Ranger.

—:o:—

Editor: Is that joke original?

Writer: Yes sir.

Editor: Um, you don't look that old.

—Sniper.

Freshman Song—"Happy Daze."
—M.I.T. Voo Doo

—:o:—

"And do you mean to tell me you laughed in the face of death?"

"Laugh? I thought I'd die."—Annapolis Log.

—:o:—

"Oh my boy is getting on so well with all the big men at his military school; just yesterday he wrote that General Business was taking him for a ride."

—Auburn Cajoler.

—:o:—

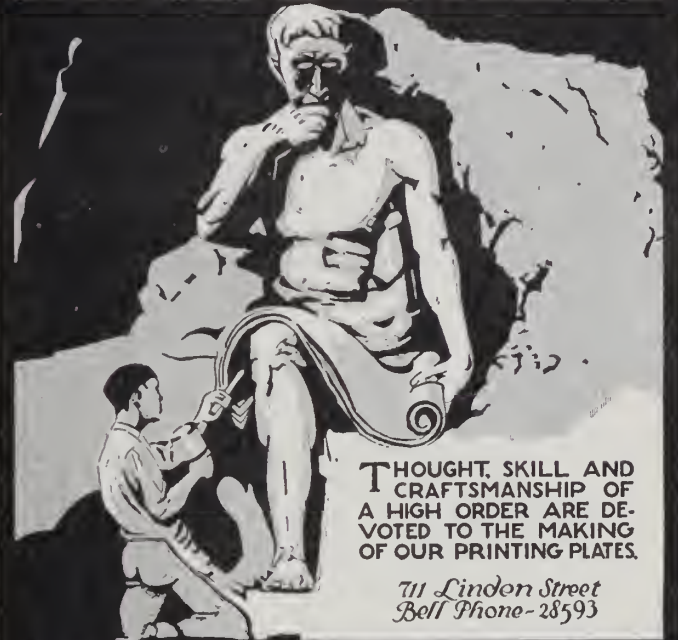
Pittsburgh Man (at Cambridge): My God! What's that?

Harvard: Why, that's the sun.—The Yale Record.

—:o:—

Freshman: I hear you're going to change courses.
Another: Yeah, I think I'll try this graduate school for a change.—The Juggler.

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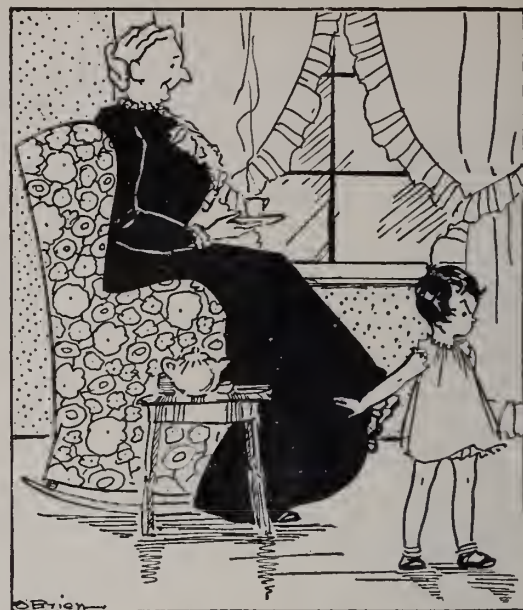
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THREE BRAINS IN A HUDDLE
RICHARDS, EMERY, McCONN
INTENT UPON PANNING
INTERMITTENTLY PLANNING
A DORM WHAT'S A DORM
NOT A BARN



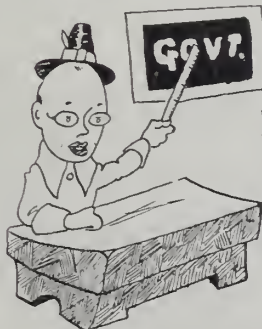
WE'LL CAST OUT THE BETAS
LIKE AGED TOMATOES,
AND BUILD THE NEW DORM THERE ANON

BUT WE CANNOT DO THAT

HO! HO! IN YOUR HAT
WHY NO ONE WILL KNOW THEY ARE GONE



A FOULING PIECE



HOW CAN HE CONTINUE TO TEACH
WHEN FAR AND NEAR IT IS SAID
THAT BY ALL PREDICTIONS
AND STUDENT CONVICTIONS
OUR VERY GOOD FRIEND "SCHULZ IS DEAD"

THE BROWN & WHITE IS A PUNK SHEET



↑
JUST TO STIR UP A LITTLE
EDITORIAL ACTIVITY. IT CAN
BE DONE,



WIEGERIC!

THE LEHIGH BURR

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NOVEMBER, 1930

NUMBER THREE

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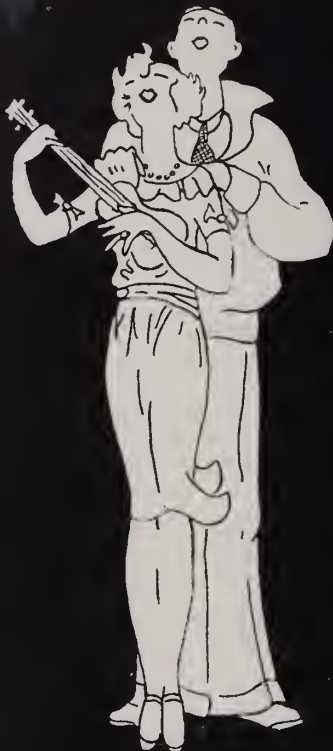
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Douglass Brigham

A Lehigh Thanksgiving . . .

SHORTLY after the arrival of this issue, Lehigh students will be journeying homeward to celebrate the holidays. Upon arriving at our destination, we will throw our baggage into some sort of conveyance and we're off. Everything with and without reason will fill the hours of the vacation to overflowing.

On Thanksgiving Day we will eat a large meal and then see some football game costing \$5 a throw. That night we will see some show of good or bad repute and then dance and stagger home in the small hours of the morning and fall into bed. Our time during Friday will be occupied with sleep. That evening we will see the boys and away we go. Our diary for Saturday is sleep and then for some other football game and then the usual evening gayety. On Sunday, if we get up in time we will eat and if not, we will be too sleepy to notice it. After seeing the gang, we may prepare to come back to school by going to Joe's or Bill's. In any event, we will catch the last train back to school Sunday evening, drunk or sober, that is providing that we are on cut pro; if not, no one knows when we will get back to school, but our parents will think that we came back Sunday.

Everyone will spend Monday bragging about the good time he had, the dates he had with the hottest women in town. All of us will be too tired to listen to the other fellows, and on Monday night we will all be in bed early. When we become conscious, we will realize that exams are only five school weeks away and then begin our daily pre-exam prayers for easy exams. However, we still exist and like it. Who said that we weren't men?

Puritanism . . .

NOT to be "puritanical," Wee Burro offers you a Puritan Number. Burro hopes you will enjoy that big Thanksgiving dinner—but remember not to act like Indians and "gobble" the Turkey down. Don't expect every girl to "come across" even tho her ancesters did come over on the Mayflower. And above all, don't always expect cranberries for you may very often get the "rasberries." Wee Burro thinks that now everyone has lots of money, so no doubt you are all "in the gravy." But over-eating is another thing. Be like a motorman—know where to stop.

And what a vacation these few days will be—girls, theatres, girls, money, girls, clothes, girls—! In the end it's always a girl. But Burro scoffs at the idea that "it's the woman who pays 'n pays, 'n pays." That's the bunk 'cause "it's a man every time it's a man."

No doubt where ever you go, whom ever you're with, or how much you drink over Thanksgiving, you won't be able to forget "Dear Old Lehigh," Dean "Egghead" McConn, and our little boy friends the profs, and all that sort of foolishness.

But anyhow—have a good time, and as Lady Godiva said as she neared the end of her ride—"I'm coming to my clothes."

PATSY COMES THROUGH

by
Hunkadunk, Hunkadunk
and
Hunkadunk

Once in the great long ago the Puritan fathers held their sway. (Question — What is this thing called sway?) But why do we say dead days, for in those times the athletic associations had just as furious wrangles with their managers as they do today. The Puritans were an unprepossessing people, but one of their favorite passtimes was the time honored game of football. It was about this time that Grover Wheezehorn, former ping pong coach at Lafayette College became renowned for his football tactics, as he had a chance to sign up with a good school when Lafayette closed its doors, due to the increase of hardy men and better athletes, as nobody but sissies went there. Also about this time the famous Twilight Football League came into existence along the beach at Boston. The games were all played by the whitecoats eyes. Usually one team was composed of Indians and the other team was composed of Indians. One morning after a terribly furious game, the beach was red with skin. Don't worry, the manager sold the skins to an overcoat company and made his jack. Somebody got skinned.

Chief Slug-in-the-moosh was captain of the Otomwussa Scalpers the year the famous post season game was played with the Plymouth Rocks, champions of the Massachusetts Sunday School League, and oh what a injun he was. Both clubs were plenty poderful and the game was to decide the championship of the Colonies. The Rocks were slightly favored due to the presence of a cross-eyed half breed trapper, named Coolidge, in their backfield, who had been doing scalpers all his life and who didn't look where he was going. Besides this, the Rocks

were coached by the famous Wheezehorn who was the inventor of the line plunge and other unusual plays.

The game began and during the first oomwah (Indian term for quarter) the teams fought evenly and furiously. Evenly opposing mascots were fighting. Toward the end of the fracas, the Plymouth's Full Back, Dip the Dope, slugged Injun Joe in the left lamp, putting out both his eyes, and the white men shoved the oomwah (Indian term for pigskin) across the last oomwah (Indian term for chalkmark) and scored six oomwaws (Indian term for oh Hell, you know). At that juncture, or puncture, as you will have it, Patsy O'Toole, the Scalpers Jewish end entered the fray, and brought with him a few quarts of real colonial firewater (sold to the Indians by John Smith in 1603). Filled with fresh spirits, the inspired Injuns took the field and didn't leave it go till they had rung up two touchdowns on a nice center rush by the new end. All this with just a trifle to play. Coach Wheezehorn's men had not been properly coached against the Indians' dangerous hair attack. When an Injun takes a pass at you, duck, you fool. Now how the lousey hell am I going to end all this, anyway. Eats, yelled the frosh and off go the fraters to spend their shekels. And besides that, just think. At one time Bethlehem was all woods, Milton. Sure, and what wood that make me, you lame brain. Never mind the fancy monnikers, keed; I'm getting sore. Yea, sore we, good night.

—o:—

The Real Thanksgiving Spirit

Teacher: "And, now Mary, for what are you thankful this Thanksgiving?"

Mary: "I'm thankful that I got good marks in school."

Teacher: "And William."

William: "I am thankful that I am healthy and feeling good."

Teacher: "And Pansy."

Pansy: "I am thankful that all my family are well."

Teacher: "And John."

Johnny (truthfully): "I'm thankful because that bozo Mother calls Junior kicked in, cause now he won't be home for Thanksgiving vacation."



"Look who's here — my old friend."



YE PREFERRED STOCK OF PLYMOUTH



CARRYING THE BAWL

From Philadelphia comes the report that during the third quarter of the Penn-Notre Dame football game Carideo, Notre Dame's quarterback, is quoted as saying to his teammates, "Speak up, boys. Who hasn't made a touchdown?" Moon Mullins, fullback of the same team replied, "I haven't, sir." "Here you are then," returned quarterback Carideo and in a few minutes Mullins had put himself in the scoring column.

In the same game the height of optimism was very forcefully illustrated. The score stood 40-7 in favor of Notre Dame and as the teams lined up for Notre Dame's try for point after touchdown, a Penn rooter was heard to yell, "Block that kick. Block that kick."

—:o:—

During a recent conference between Coach "Austy Tate and Professor Fay Bartlett, Tate passed the query, "I hear you are starting an Interfraternity Football league." "Yes," replied Bartlett, "it is played exactly like football except you touch the man instead of tackling him." "You don't need to start a league," returned Tate, "just come down to Taylor stadium any afternoon and you'll see plenty of it."

Hooray for the P. P. & L.

Honor the light brigade
Oh! What a charge they made
Ten dollars and sixty-nine cents.

—:o:—

Believe It or Not

A freshman pledge asked Ross Whitehead whose turn it was to clean the room.

—:o:—

Campus Puritans

The man who gets an A in chapel
The man who won't send the Burr home to his girl
The man who bought liquor for his house party date
and wouldn't drink any himself
The inmates of Leonard Hall (?)
The man with the gold braid on his sleeve who tried
to see that the boys don't get too much beer

—:o:—

Bellboy: "Call for Mr. O'Brien. Call for Mr. O'Brien.

Jewish Gentleman: "Vait a minute, boy. Vat iss de initial, please?"

—:o:—



"WELL, IF IT ISN'T MY OLD FRIEND."

LULU GOES PURITAN

or Our Mistaken Historian's
Blunder Again

(A short story complete on this page about faith, hope and charity—the greatest of these is Hope, who has dreamy blue eyes and a cute figure.)

George U. Sneezebloop-Smith is a great war time buddy of mine, in fact I have called him "Gus" ever since that day back in the French and Indian when we first met. He has called me Olaf, too, which is my grandfather's name on my mother's side. Incidentally Gus and I have been in every war together since the coronation of Paul Ditwiddle of Minneapolis as champion hog-caller of Caramil-lowissie County, except the war on the boll weevil, as Gus and I never did care much for boll playing. By this time you have probably concluded that Gus and I are practically inseparable as there is always some kind of a war going on or coming off, warever you are.

Nevertheless, I didn't know until last night that Gus was such a good friend of our old pal Lulu and that he had a strange and enticing story of her first experiences in this affair of ours.

It seems she arrived in Boston as part of a shipment of wives for the thriving young colonists and was right glad of it. She was marked by a tag around her neck bearing the number L77610, but it was not long until she was marked as the gal with the devilish squinters and the snake hips, because she sure was a mean woman to tackle. Her first husband was an arrogant young Britisher, but she made short work of him, bumping him off one night when he came home with a cider breath.



"I KILLED THE LAST MAN," said her father

The second was a colonel in the Continental Army, but the reason in that case was because he didn't come home. After her fourth husband had either suddenly disappeared or quietly passed out of the picture, the Daily Mirror and other high rating "yellow sheets" began to see a human interest in the case. Also the young gallants who had registered in turn for a crack at her began to realize that she was a tough baby to handle.

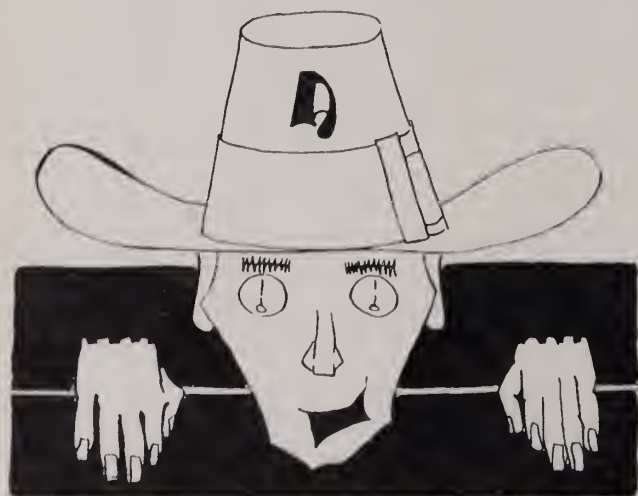
Things went on thusly until matters came to a serious point of affairs, as the young English colonists were being killed off as fast as they were imported. As a last bet, Governor Whifleby, the wise and stately New England pluto-

crat that the New Brunswick police force have been searching for since the abolition of slavery, decided to give Sneezebloop-Smith a chance. It was a fifty-cent chance and as a result Gus won the silver-plated Austin with the gold braid trimmings and converted Lulu to Puritanism.

She even went to church from then on, and don't let the historians fool you, you sucker; our forefathers didn't declare Thanksgiving on account of their peace with the Indians—it was because Lulu lost her gat and that hip movement due to the repeated spells of indigestion she developed from eating Aunt Jane's home cooked Brussel Sprouts.

RULES FOR FRATERNITY BRIDGE

1. Bid high, your partner may have a good hand.
2. When you have a poor hand, signal immediately by saying, "Who the hell dealt this mess?"
3. Claim all the honors—you might get away with it.
4. If you get a poor partner, keep score yourself; you've got to have some advantage.
5. Lead from your own hand or from dummy, as convenient.
6. Trump your partner's ace and clinch the trick.
7. If your partner doubles a one bid, pass and be glad he has such a good hand.
8. Redouble on general principles—confidence is a great thing, even without tricks.
9. Always ask what the trump is two or three times during the game. This always refreshes everybody's memory.
10. If nobody bids, bid against your partner. You must keep up interest in the game at any cost.
11. Third hand plays low.
12. Always ask your partner why he didn't return your lead. This will remind him to lead it next time.
13. When you are out of suit, rearrange your cards. This tells the world you are out of it.
14. If two cards are turned up in a deal and you have a rotten hand, it's a misdeal.
15. After the third attack, lay your hand on the table and claim the rest of the tricks. You may not have them, but it's much easier to play with all the cards on the table.



WELL STOCKED



"—LOOK WHO'S HERE—MY OLD FRIEND."

ooo

LETTER FROM A COLLEGE DANCE ORCHESTRA LEADER TO HIS SWEETIE

Somewhere in old Wyoming
A night in June

Dearest Sally:

I can't 'Imagine' that you think 'I'm sorry that I made you cry.' However, 'I'd like to be a bee in your boudoir' but 'Nobody cares if I'm blue.' 'I want to be happy,' but it looks as if 'My future's just passed.' Honest, 'Honey,' 'I see you in my dreams' and 'If I could be with you' until 'Eleven thirty Saturday night' 'I'd be satisfied.' 'I love you so much' but 'Be careful with those eyes.' You know, dear, 'I like to do things for you' but 'I can't give you anything but love.' Don't forget, it's 'Okay baby' because I think my 'Baby just cares for me.'

I guess you know that 'I'm in love with you' and therefore I shouldn't have any 'Girl Trouble.' 'I'm confessing' though that I met a girl named 'Betty Co-ed' 'Under a Texas Moon' when 'The moon was low,' but there'll never be another 'Exactly like you.' Every time 'I think of you' I recall that 'Song without a name' but please don't 'Go home and tell your mother.' 'Wouldn't it be wonderful' to be 'With you' 'When its springtime in the Rockies?' 'You're the sweetest girl this side of heaven,' 'You Darling,' but 'Cheer Up' and don't forget those 'Promises.'

'Remember,' 'I'm yours' 'Until We Meet Again.'

'Mysterious Mose.'

P. S. 'Bye the Way' I want to 'Thank Your Father' for 'Hitting the Bottle.' He surely can sing that 'Stein Song' but I'd Like to Find the Man who Wrote the Stein Song.'

COLD DOPE

The love-life of Miles Standish and Priscilla is finally exposed! Miles ("Sittish") Standish was the big shot from the Sig Ep house at Plymouth. John, his little frosh roommate, was the kind of a guy the Delts should have pledged—tall, white, and athletic.

Now, as the story goes: Miles, feeling the urge for variety among women, looked for new fields to conquer,—and found this college widow, Priscilla. Priscilla was known the country 'round for her fast starts and hot finishes. Quite a popular number among the socially-aspiring frat boys! Dates were easily arranged, for Miles had references that rivalled "Who's Who."

The love of the passionate Miles was like a candle,—not so good during the day, but, oh, at night! Whatta lover he was! Priscilla reciprocated with her usual tactics, with the result that Miles was soon gasping for breath,—or a substitute!

Obviously, the poor frosh was dragged into the struggle, as the middleman. His duty was to date the fiery Priscilla until eleven o'clock, and then, fresh and ready for the conflict, Miles entered and relieved him. The arrangement went along fine, with but one slip: Priscilla fell for the freshman!

A dire calamity, friends, but pity the pood Standish! John's bashfulness kept the Madam worried. When she wanted him to talk cold turkey, he came through with a proof for Einstein's laws. John was some insulator when it came to women, but even insulators may slip!

Historians tell us that Priscilla, in desperation, pleadingly said:

"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

That's where history is wrong, instead she nestled down in his manly arms, and cooed:

"Don't oo love your li'l snookums no more, sweetums?"

—o—

The Facists paraded down Broadway last week to a snappy tune, using a fast cadence in marching. Reporter Jones commented: "It was the Fascist parade I ever saw."

—o—

Those Pilgrim maids were just as hot

As the ones we date today.
Woman alters not a jot
She behaves the self-same way.
It's true that lack of clothes will give

A wholly new sensation—
The Pilgrim maids were just as hot,

But had more insulation!
Purple Parrot.



GETTING HIS MAN

FAMOUS LEHIGH ATHLETE GOES INSANE

Runs Wildly Around Campus

Mike Calahanistywitch, famed Brown and White warrior of the grid-iron, is lost for the time being from all the glories of the football field. On October 27, he was placed in a padded cell in Rittersville.

Mystery clouds this sudden disarrangement of things. Calahanistywitch was a bright student, being here on a scholarship and never having gone on probation. Authorities are trying to discover all possible clues now in an attempt to regain the man to the realms of the grid-iron.

Mike came back in the fall to Lehigh and was playing wonderfully in the backfield, being used mainly as a triple threat number three back. Some people thought at first that the insanity was caused by a blow on the head in Saturday's game, but that has been proved absolutely wrong. Austy Tate, the football coach states that Mike was in the best of spirits when he left the field house after the game.

Many noted psycho-analysts and alienists, such as Prof. Percy Hughes have been brought into this tragic case. It has been found that the player was an extremely home-loving boy. He spent most of his time in the evening at the home of Isabelle Traylor, 639 River Street, Allentown. Upon being questioned, Izzy stated that Mike, her boy friend, lost his mind completely while she had a date with him. This evidence was discarded.

Calhanisty— . . , it seems, has no bad habits to speak of, except that he eats all his meals at the Tau House on the campus. The only thing that has been of interest to him since his return to

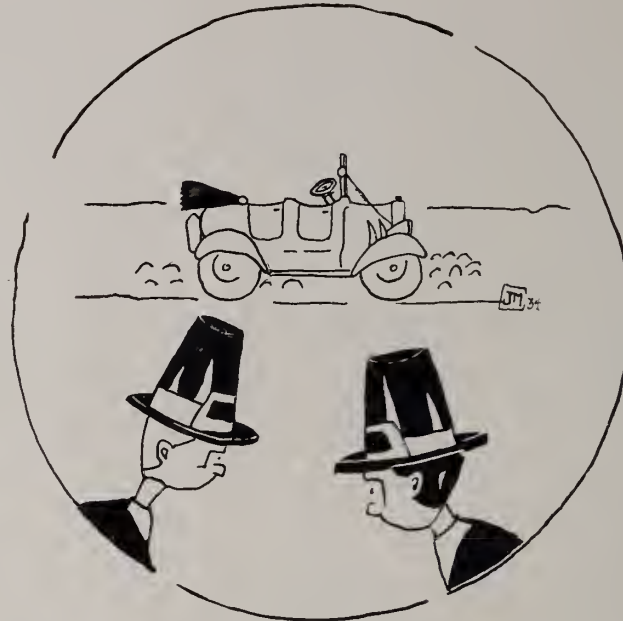
college has been his meals. Joe Isto, the steward, at the Tau house, admitted tonight that Mike kicked about the meals—especially concerning the dessert served every Friday evening, namely, red gelatine. Matters had gained such a terrible condition that Mike could not possibly control himself when this ill-fated delicacy was placed before him. He would clench his teeth, place mouthful after mouthful of the colloidal mass between his lips and suck it through to his throat. The members of the house complained bitterly about such actions, but Mike insisted to do so as long as such food was served. The steward added that steps toward obliterating this dessert from the menu had been taken.

However, by some mistake, Mike came back to the house after the game Saturday, and what should he find on the table but—gelatine—red gelatine. It must

have been too much for the man to stand, for he dashed wildly from the house. He was found two days later pouring beer on his feet and holding the mold of gelatine in his hand. Nothing strange affinity between man and could be done to break up this mold.

Friends and fraternity brothers can view the body any afternoon at Wednesday in the morning. Twenty-four gross of gelatine powder have been used so far in the manufacture of red colloidal footballs which Mike kicks regularly every hour on the hour except holidays.

oo



Miles—Yon car, we call it "May Flower."

Standish—Why?

Miles—Because so many girls came across on it.

"How long has John been married?"

"Oh. Quite a while. They got twin beds last month."

THE BIG PUSH

Everyone was waiting expectantly. The big push should come at any time now. They stood massed together—gripping their arms—gazing first across the barrier to the goal they hoped to attain and then at the one in command. There had been constant addition to the ranks—a steady flow of new recruits. All coming up for the big push. Surely it was almost time. They had been standing there massed at the strategic points for what had seemed hours. A stir of uneasiness passed through the waiting ranks—men looked at their watches for the hundredth time. Hadn't they said 9:15 sharp? Suddenly everyone's muscles tensed—they strained forward ready to spring into action—it was becoming difficult to hold them back. A burst of sound came echoing back across the expanse in front of the expectant line—lights began to play overhead—would they never get their chance? Then—a few words of warning and the big push was on. The mass of humanity poured through the openings in the barrier. A shrill voice made itself heard above the discordant blare of the theatre's canned music: "Here's four down here Marie."

We nominate for the Lehigh chapter of the College Hall of Fame:

1. Professor Jack Ogburn because he received 225 votes out of a possible 226 in the Senior Class vote on the laziest professor.
2. Dr. James Scott Long because of his new and accurate method for determining how many students know their alma mater.
3. Dr. Raymond C. Bull because of his interest in and success in employing the violet ray machine in the curing of all diseases—mental, physical, and spiritual.
4. Mr. Daniel C. Lewis because he has maintained for three years straight the honor of having "flunked" more students than any other professor in the university.
5. Dr. Neil Carothers because he is the most "extraordinary" professor on the campus and has no contending competitors for ownership of the oldest car among the members of the faculty.



A FINE MULE WOULD NEIGHBOR TRAFFORD MAKE.
VERILY, JONOTHAN—A HALF ASS.



“—LOOK WHO’S HERE—MY OLD FRIEND!”

“To Candidates: ‘Ask and ye shall receive, knock and it shall be opened unto you’; when you get in we’ll do the rest.”

When a man is about to be told a secret, he shuts the door. When it is a woman, she opens the door, to be sure that no one is listening outside.

oo

Figg.—“What do you think of my argument before the Lodge last night, Fogg?”

Fogg.—“It was sound — very sound — (Figg is delighted)— nothing but sound, in fact.”

oo

“He says that his Fraternity always regarded him as a valuable member.”

“Yes, they offered a reward for him when he left with the treasury’s funds.”

oo

An officer in a certain Fraternity usually prefaces his charge to the candidate with, “My Brother, let me say a few words before I begin.” This is about equal to the old lady who “always took a nap before she went to sleep.”

oo

Bella: “We girls are getting up a secret society of our own.”

George: “Indeed; what’s the object?”

Bella: “I don’t exactly know yet; but will tell you all about it after I am initiated.”

STUDENT MONETARY

SYSTEM

5 cents ½ beer
10 cents 1 beer
25 cents 2½ beers
50 cents 5 beers
1 buck 10 beers
2 bucks 20 beers

oo

His only exercise was warming up the bench, yet he had athlete’s foot.



The sad predicament of the absent-minded professor who forgot his keds.

RULES OF THE HOUSE

1. The motto of this hotel is "Eat, drink and be merry when your bill is presented, but don't get gay."
 2. The elevator in this hotel has been running for three years, and must now be about 11,987 miles away. Those who fall down stairs when they don't feel like it do so at their own risk.
 3. There are three departments — upstairs, downstairs, and outdoors. Outdoors is cheapest.
 4. Guests who are afflicted with the Base Ball Fever will find a pitcher on the stand.
 5. If the bell in your room is broken, ring the towel.
 6. Anyone wishing to take a drive after dinner can repair to the woodshed and drive nails.
 7. Guests who desire to have nightmares will find the harness in the refrigerator.
 8. To prevent guests from carrying fruit from the table, we will have no fruit.
 9. Any guest who thinks his bill exorbitant may argue the matter with the bull terrier in the back yard. He is kept hungry for that purpose.
 10. If the bell boy doesn't come when you call, run down to the office and report the matter. The exercise will do you good. Besides, this is the bell boy's day off.
 11. Don't make fun of our coffee; you may be old and weak yourself some day.
 12. Our home baked beans speak for themselves.
 13. In case of fire, jump out of the window and turn to the left.
- Apologies to Larry's Hotel, Atco, N. J.



JUST ONE THING AFTER THE UDDER



THE RETURN OF ONE WHO HAS GONE TO
THE DOGS

FURTHER DRIBBLES ON PRACTICALLY NOTHING

This time it's fraternities. The fraternity idea is an old one, having originated in Biblical times. Its history is obscure, but L. M. Bloom, self-styled authority on rowboats and hornpipes, says that fraternities are as old as life itself; that man has always had the irresistible impulse to use his brothers' property. (Of course, Mr. Bloom MIGHT be wrong, but I doubt it—what the hell, I'm Mr. Bloom!)

The word fraternity comes from two old Mongolian words: Frates, meaning thief, and nity-us, meaning bum. It really doesn't make any difference; an apartment by any other name would be as suite.

L. M. Bloom, self-styled authority on most everything, says that fraternities are of very recent origin. (Of course, Mr. Bloom MIGHT be wrong, but—go ahead; you know the chorus).

The fraternity system, being so new, has had trouble fitting in with the government of our universities. The case is analogous to the recent efforts of the Philadelphia Zoo keeper who tried to cross a gnu with a dog. He failed, for you can't teach an old dog gnu tricks. Or, if you prefer it differently: you can take a horse to water, but a pencil must be lead.

Fraternal orders are well known throughout the United States today; in addition to the Greek-letter fraternities, we have others, such as Elks, Moose, Beavers, Eagles, and some fairly good rabbit hunting on the side—to say nothing of the trout fishing facilities.

Every fraternity has a ritual, a grip and password, and a name—and WHAT a name some of the houses on this campus have! Meetings are held at Lehigh every Tuesday nite. At best, the meetings are a ruddy mess (naturally—ruddy you think they'd be?)

Initiations are all intrinsically the same, but there are a few notable exceptions, such as those societies which burn their insignias in the flesh of the members. This was a brand new idea in 1900; but in 1926 an unfortunate occurrence put a stop to this practice. The membership of a certain secret society at Princeton was unwittingly made public when vaccination was substituted for branding—all the members began to lymph.

Almost every fraternity on the campus is in a bad condition today; either presidents can't keep order, order boys can't keep a president. However, a fraternity really doesn't need a president—but a baker kneads the dough.

Two years ago a group of students got together out in Arkansas and called themselves the Royal and Loyal Order of Flies. Their song was "When You and I Were Young Maggots." The society was an ideal one, but broke up on the question of swatter's rights. At the last report, a few of the Flies were still carrion on near Dead Horse, Wyoming. (Lemme tell you I had to work hard for that one!)

Of course, you realize that I could go on and on along this same track, but what's the use? If you want any more, make it up yourself; I'm finished for the month.

oo

The Dean of Princeton said that there is only one sheepskin for every four entering college; so if you don't have pyorrhea you had better start worrying, as you have a better chance of getting that than you do a diploma.

oo

Her father was a strong man in the circus, but she had her weaknesses.

GLOMMY BLURBS ON PURITANS

Once upon a time there were 750 Puritans—now we have a Director of Public Safety. Ah, well, such is progress! But as they say in Vassar, a chain is no stronger than its weakest daisy; and you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear—but you should see the swell Russian sable they con-cot from alley-rabbit fur!

The Puritans came over in — your guess is as good as mine—to escape religious persecution and we're still trying to get away from compulsory chapel. And where are we now—WHERE ARE WE NOW? (Editor's note: In Bethlehem, you sap; where did you think—or rather, WHEN did you think, and on what, if ever?) (Some day that Editor's going to get too sarcastic and get a slap in the bazool!)

Let's try a different tack, as the upholsterer said. In Colonial days the Puritans had no money, plenty of liquor, drank six days out of the week, and went to church on the seventh; whereas today we have lots of money. (Editor's note: Wrong!), no liquor (Editor's note: You're crazy!) I swear I'll slap that guy), and must go to church every day but one or two (Editor's note:—or seven?) (Watch out, Ed, my ire is up!)

There's one thing about those babies—they never had to worry about a meal. All one needed in those days was a good eye and a steady hand, and lo, one had a turkey—didn't one? Now a fortune is needed for a turkey; but you can always get a goose at the Alpha Chi Rho house. However, that's neither here nor there and a kick in the pants gathers no moss; but Dick Whittington was mayor of London three times.

Our Puritan forebears (I know Goldilocks only had three bears but you gotta admit she wasn't so much anyway) were a hardy stock, somewhat along the order of American Can, A. T. and T., or Radio. The bond market is unsteady but will clear up soon, with a fall in temperature and moderate westerly breezes for Saturday. (NOT A WORD, EDITOR!)

Offtimes on an early morn, the

pret-ty lit-tle rabbit—begyer pod-don—offtimes on ean earlit morn the hardy Puritan was wont to set out in search of food or something to eat, to say nothing of Indians and other Puritans. Sometimes the Indians found him first and split his head open. It was always a surprise to a Puritan to have a tommahawk buried in his skull—for such a thing had never entered his head before.



HOT TURKEY

AT THE THEATRE

STAGE

EARL CARROL'S "VANITIES"

The eighth edition of the "Vanities" with "the world's most beautiful girls" is at the moment enjoying a tremendous success at the New Amsterdam Theatre. The entire production was directed and produced by the now "renowned" Earl Carrol, and is presented in two acts containing in all sixty-eight scenes. The entire performance is replete with the engaging humor of Jack Bennie and Jimmie Savo. When, in the course of the sixty some odd scenes, our eyes become dimmed and our nerves a bit too highly tensioned from the spectacle of so much native beauty, these two comedians afforded us very amusing relaxation. Patsy Kelly, Vivian Fay, and Thelma White contributed much to our enjoyment of the revue with their comely persons and interesting personalities. The entire production is lavish in its settings and in its originality. An innovation in music is offered with the playing of popular music by the Vanities Orchestra from the time the theatre is opened until the rising of the initial curtain. The revue is an excellent three hours entertainment for eyes and ears; as such we unreservedly recommend it.

—:o:—

"ON THE SPOT"

"On the Spot," Edgar Wallace's latest stage offering, is at the "Edgar Wallace's Forrest Theatre," and is expected to remain there for quite some time. This play was entertaining from start to finish, what with very frequent gun play, a very attractive and exotic Chinese mistress—portrayed by Miss Anna May Wong, late of filmdom—and very much mystery; but, unfortunately, the characters — as examples of gangdom were not at all convincing. The author's intent must have been to write a real "thriller" which would arouse the public's interest purely from the surprise element contained in it, but not to produce a real psychological study of criminal character. It is, nevertheless, a very interesting performance well worth the admission. Miss May Wong is ably supported by Miss Glenda Farrell and Mr. Crane Williams. The lighting effects are especially worth of comment. Lights are more essential to the

success of a mystery play than to any other type. The hues effected were of more sinister tone in this production than in any that we have yet attended. If you enjoy being scared and momentarily shocked, and if you are not prejudiced against very noisy

—:o:—

sound effects, then attend a performance of "On the Spot."

"MARSEILLES"

"Marseilles," which Gilbert Miller is presenting at the Henry Miller Theatre, is none other than M. Pagnol's "Marius" which has been, and still is playing in Paris. The cast includes Dudley Digges, Alexander Kirkland, Alison Skipworth, and Frances Torchiana. It is a drama of love and a man on the quais of the great shipping center of Marseilles. It depicts his longing to know what is happening at the ports of call of the many liners which he sees depart from the harbor. The story relates the struggles and desires of M. Pagnol, who was born and nurtured in Marseilles and who rose to illustrious heights in the field of the Parisien Theatre. Love is the driving force which finally results in the plots culmination. "Marseille" is a very pleasing drama, quite sophisticated and alluring in presentment: see it!

—:o:—

MOVIES

THE OFFICE WIFE

The Office Wife is a diverting and entertaining picture in which private secretaries play while the boss' wife is away. But they, or rather, she does play fair. The picture has a new idea in the hero. Lewis Stone playing the fifty year old business man who wins his secretary. No one but Lewis Stone could play the part with such aplomb. And Dorothy Mackaill is the secretary anyone would like to ring the buzzer for. Picture your correspondent pressing the button and saying "Take a letter, Miss Mackaill." Oh, bliss, bliss, bliss.

The story concerns itself with a secretary who becomes so indispensable to the boss that she goes to Palm Beach to take dictation. It is thoroughly sophisticated, laid in an authentic commercial and society atmosphere. The descriptions of office life are

(Continued on next page)



FROM WHICH THE FRATERNITIES EVOLVED

AT THE THEATRE MOVIES

sincere. The dialogue is very good and that part of it handled by Joan Blondell, a newcomer to the screen, is especially refreshing, and fresh. La Blondell is a wisecracker, the Mackaill's kid sister, and will undoubtedly wisecrack her nonchalant way through many more pictures.

The Office Wife displays the classical Mackaill knees to the usual good advantage, Lewis Stone as the successful publisher who hasn't enough time for his wife because he gives dictation to Miss Mackaill so far into the night, and a general assemblage of characters that is sufficiently novel for all movie intents and purposes. There are such things that is sufficiently novel for all movie intents and purposes. There are such things as aspiring stenos, jealous spouses and susceptible employers in the Office Wife. There is also an episode in which the wife at home accidentally drops a key to Herr Villian's Room Number 505. Divorce eventually makes possible a

happy ending for all concerned and the Triangle of Exec, Sec and Wife is broken up, becoming the shortest distance between two points, or a straight line as old Pythagoras hath it.

ooo

MAYBE IT'S LOVE

Maybe It's Love is, glory of glories, the college football picture different. With the exception of the football game which is won by the home team in the last minute of play, this picture is different from any college comedy seen on the screen. The chief novelties in it are the All-American football team of 1929 and a genuinely catchy theme song.

The All-American is present en masse, gathered together in one place after all these years of selection of mythical elevens. And here is the lineup:

Russ Saunders, U. C. S.
W. K. Schoonover, Arkansas
E. N. Sleight, Purdue

(Continued on Page 30)

RAU & ARNOLD

TAILORS and
MEN'S WEAR

Fourth and Vine Streets
Bethlehem, Pa.

Davies-Strauss-Stauffer Co.

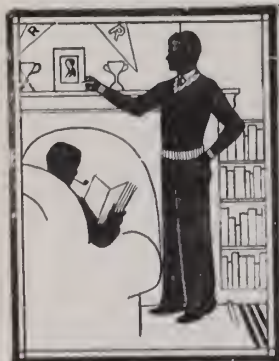
Wholesale Grocers

Confectionery
Tobacco and Cigars

General Office
Bethlehem, Pa.

Fraternities Supplied

PHONE 2600



McCaa Studios

"Where Your
Photographs
Become
Portraits of
Quality"

Bethlehem,
Pa.

Cop: No parking; you can't loaf along this road.

Voice Within Car: Who's loafin'?—Sour Owl.

—o—

"I wonder," mused the burglar, as he did his odd jobs, "if the men in the Chicago stockyards who knock the cattle on the head could be called animal crackers."

—Columns.

—o—

"Ow near do you think that lightning was, 'Arry?"

"Dunno, kid—but this fag wasn't lit a second ago."

—London Opinion.

—o—

"Darling, I love you!"

"Good gracious! Why, we've only just become acquainted!"

"Yes, I know; but I'm only here for the week-end."

—Sour Owl.

—o—

Steward: How would you like your breakfast, sir?

Sea-sick Passenger: With an anchor on it, if you don't mind.

—Desert Wolf.

—o—

Her mother had broke up the necking party and summarily dispatched the young man.

"I am shocked and surprised that you let him kiss you," she wailed.

"Why?" asked the neckee?
"Isn't he healthy?"

—The Virginia Reel.

—o—

This makes me soar, said the balloonist as the wind came up.

—Kitty Cat.

LEHIGH UNIVERSITY

Offers Four - Year Courses in

Arts and Science

Business Administration

Chemistry

Chemical Engineering

Civil Engineering

Electrical Engineering

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Mechanical Engineering

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The biggest little antidote
for over-work since the invention of Tom Thumb
golf . . . *cigarettes that really SATISFY!*

CHESTERFIELD

*Milder
. . . and*



better taste

VANITY FAIR



WHEN A CHESTERFIELD IS CORRECT

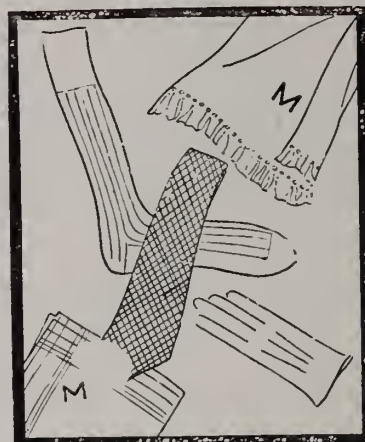
The dark gray, black or dark blue Chesterfield overcoat, illustrated on the accompanying figure is one of a man's formal overcoats. Only two other types are considered more formal: the Inverness cape and a strictly dress overcoat with silk-faced lapels.

The Chesterfield is strictly a town coat and should be worn with the more formal, darker business suits and accessories. A white starched collar is the appropriate one to wear with the outfit. A white silk muffler, even for business wear, is considered correct. And, of course, a black bowler is preferable to other types of hats.

A velvet collar for the coat, as illustrated here, is generally worn, although a few men have it replaced by a cloth collar to match the coat.

Strictly formal in its lines, the Chesterfield has a slightly fitted waist, a rather straight-hanging skirt and a center vent at the rear. Sleeves are finished without cuffs. A fly-front is preferable to one that buttons through, and a small outside pocket is a neat touch.

A coat of this sort may be worn in the evening with a dinner jacket or a tailcoat, and it is correct as well with the cutaway for formal day dress.



COLORFUL TOWN ACCESSORIES

Only in his clothing accessories can a man hope to achieve any colorful effects, and, of course, for town, a man's outfit can not be too colorful.

After all, a suit appropriate for town wear is a pretty dull affair so far as color and pattern is concerned. It must depend for its smartness on careful tailoring, fitting and the excellence of the material. And, the accessories a man wears with it must be in keeping. They can not be as bright as sports clothes. They must, at least, suggest a little formality. To liven the complete outfit and give it character, they must be too harmonious, but should offer a note of contrast.

For this winter, light colors in these accessories are particularly good. The muffler or reefer in canary-yellow looks particularly well with a dark gray, or blue, coat and a black bowler hat. Gloves may be natural chamois or white leather. Neckwear should have silver-gray combined with whatever colors are appropriate with the rest of the outfit. Handkerchiefs are plain white linen with a black, white or gray monogram.

Socks, alone of all these accessories, should be dark, plain and inconspicuous, matching the suit or shoes, or at least being of the same tone of a contrasting color.

If you are interested in any question of men's dress or etiquette, write to the "Well Dressed Man," care of the Lehigh Burr, and your letter will receive prompt attention. Please be sure to give address accurately.

(Copyright, 1930, by Vanity Fair)

DO YOU LIKE WORLD AFFAIRS?

IF SO

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BETHLEHEM

AT THE MOVIES

(Continued from Page 25)

George Gibson, Minnesota
Tim Moynihan, Notre Dame
Ray Montgomery, Pittsburgh
Otto Pommerening, Michigan
Ken Haycraft, Minnesota
Howard Harpster, Carnegie Tech
Paul Scull, Pennsylvania
Bill Banker, Tulane
Howard Jones, U.S.C., coach

The All-Americans play football so smoothly and expertly that the football scenes are interesting to watch. They vocalize commendably and are a husky lot of stars. As actors, they are pretty fair, but much better football players. Who knows, in fact, what frosh scrub player this year may reign as a star of the silver screen in the future? God forefend! The screen, so much more unfamiliar than the gridiron, has the All-American at their unease, but they get through very well, for a' that.

Aside from the All-American, Maybe It's Love boasts, yes **boasts**, the presence of a very slick campus queen, Joan Bennett. The comic star is Joe E. Brown, he of the baseball-capacity mouth. Between the two of them the name and fame of good ol' Upton is saved (Upton had been losing for so long that a 27-0 score looked like a tie). James Hall is the male lead with whom Joan Bennett falls in love. He also plays football with the team.

Well, to sum up: Joe E. Brown is riotously funny, as usual, furnishing the picture's laughs, of which there are plenty; Joan Bennett is the most collegiate heroine ever seen in movies, Betty Co-ed personified; the All-American does well by audiences and Upton; the theme song, "Maybe It's Love," is swell; direction and acting are good; the football is swell. We'd give it an A except that it didn't come in on time and if it had we could have laughed last year. A B plus will have to do, in spite of, if not because of, the All-American.

—:o:—

Janet—Before we were married you swore you would never look at another woman.

Jack—That was only a campaign promise.

—Missouri Outlaw.

—:o:—

GEMS FROM THE SAGES

Give me victory or give me an alibi.

Great bores from little golfers grow.

A ring on the hand is worth two on the phone.

—Bison.

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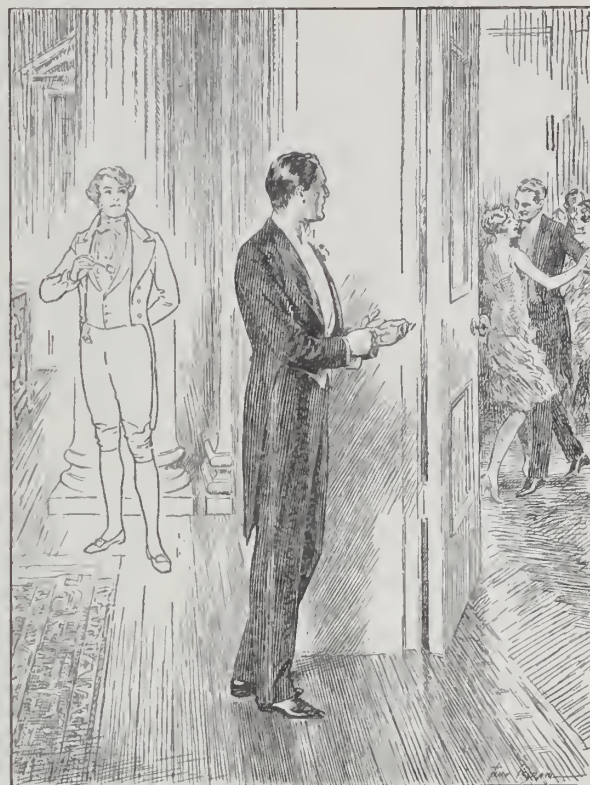
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Left—Fraternities are the most undemocratic, conceited, high-hatted gangs of moron, sponges, and parasites—

Right—Yes, I didn't make one either.

—Boston Beanpot.

—:o:—

The student gently opened one eye and whispered so that all might hear, "I wish to God I were."—Lampoon.

—:o:—

"Flat tire!" she cried, as she swung down the road from the seat beside me. So I got out my tools and clambered down, noticing as I did so she was some distance down the road. But none of the tires were down . . . I wonder . . . —Dodo.

—:o:—

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Shorty Long, during an evening at a Pledge dance, wandered into the dining room and took a glass of punch. One of the girls walked up beside him and, mistaking him for a student, said in a most sociable manner, "You better not drink too much of that; you're looking pretty groggy now."

—:o:—

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—o—

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Most men have just one wife;

But the ice man has his pick.

On the mule we find two legs behind
And two we find before.

But we stand behind before we find,
What the two behind be for.



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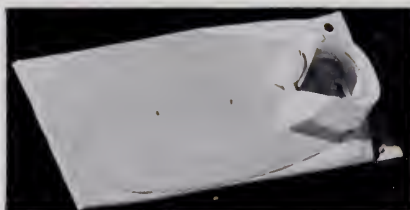
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